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West Virginia
in
Song and Story

Compiled and affectionately dedicated to the

Daughters of American Revolution

By

Mrs. Parks Fisher
State Regent, W. Va.

Mrs. Delia A. McCulloch
State Historian, W. Va.

WEST VIRGINIA IN SONG and STORY

Compiled and affectionately dedicated to the

Daughters of American Revolution

BY

Marie Antoinette Schley Fisher

"MRS. PARKS FISHER"

State Regent, West Va.

MRS. DELIA A. McCULLOCH

State Historian, West Va.

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In Memoriam

To our beloved President Generals

Remembrance

"A beautiful life ends not with death"

MRS. CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON
MRS. CORNELIA D. FAIRBANKS
MRS. LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON

Founders

MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON
MISS MARY DESHA

Our President Generals

N. S. D. A. R.

1890 - 1914.

MRS. CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON, 1890-1893.

MRS. LETITIA GREEN STEPHENSON, 1893-1895-1896-1898.

MRS. MARY PARHS FOSTOR, 1895-1896.

MRS. MARGARETTA MANNING, 1898-1899-1899-1901.

MRS. CORNELIA D. FAIRBANKS, 1901-1905.

MRS. EMELY NELSON RITCHIE McLEAN, 1905-1909.

MRS. JULIA G. SCOTT, 1909-1911.

MRS. DAISY ALLEN STORY, 1911-19—.

Vice-President Generals

MRS. ANNIE CAMDEN SPILMAN, 1907-1909.
Parkersburg.

MRS. HARRIETT CODWISE EDMONDSON, 1909-1913.
Morgantown.

State Regents, 1893-1914

MRS. EVA HART GOFF, 1893-1894.
Clarksburg

MRS. VIRGINIA FAIRFAX FAULKNER, 1895-1901.
Martinsburg.

MISS VALLEY VIRGINIA HENSHAW, 1901-1904.
Hedgesville.

MRS. ANNIE CAMDEN SPILMAN, 1904-1907.
Parkersburg.

MRS. HARRIETT CODWISE EDMONDSON, 1907-1910.
Morgantown.

MRS. MARY DeBOLT, 1910-1912.
Fairmont.

MRS. COLLIE JACKSON SMITH, 1910-1912.
Parkersburg.

MRS. MARIE ANTOINETTE SCHLEY FISHER, 1914-19—.
Morgantown.

Vice Regents

MRS. MARQUESS ELIZABETH BENTLEY, 1903.
Parkersburg.

MISS MARTHA JANE SILVER, 1904-1906.
Hedgesville.

MRS. JENNIE MURDOCK NEWTON, 1906-1910.
Hartford.

MRS. COLLIE JACKSON SMITH, 1910-1912.
Parkersburg.

MRS. INEZ H. WILSON, 1912-1914.
Huntington.

MRS. VERONA MAPLES BRANNON, 1914-19—.
Weston.

West Virginia State Chapters, 1901-1914

THE WILLIAM HENSHAW,
Organized 1899 at Hedgesville.

THE COLONEL CHARLES LEWIS,
Organized March 12, 1901 at Point Pleasant.

THE JAMES WOOD,
Organized December 23, 1902 at Parkersburg.

THE ELIZABETH ZANE,
Organized first in 1902 and again in 1908 at Buckhannon.

THE JOHN HART,
Organized March 29, 1907 at Elkins.

THE JOHN CHAPMAN,
Organized April 11, 1907 at Bluefield.

THE ELIZABETH LUDDINGTON HAGANS,
Organized April 21, 1904 at Morgantown.

THE WEST AUGUSTA,
Organized July 29, 1907 at Mannington.

THE WILLIAM HAYMOND,
Oragnized 1908 at Fairmont.

THE COLONEL JOHN EVANS,
Organized October, 1909 at Morgantown.

THE WILLIAM BUFORD,
Organized June 10, 1910 at Huntington.

THE JOHN CHENOWETH,
Organized February 10, 1911 at Harrisville.

THE ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS,
Organized 1912 at Weston.

THE KANAWHA VALLEY,
Organized 1913 at Charleston.

THE JOHN WALDO,
Organized 1915 at Salem.

THE DANIEL DAVISSON,
Organized October 21, 1908 at Clarksburg.

Memorial Work

1901 - 1914.

Point Pleasant Battle Monument, 1909.

A "Boulder" placed in the public square at Parkersburg, July 10, 1908.

A "Boulder" on the site of the log cabin of Colonel John Evans, near Morgantown, June, 1912.

A "Boulder" and "bronze tablet" in the public square at Morgantown, October, 1912.

A monument to two pioneers near Buckhannon, 1911.

A "Boulder" with "bronze tablet" to honor of Lieutenant Caleb Furbee, at Mannington, 1913.

A monument to mark the site of the grave of William Henshaw, near Bunker Hill, Virginia, 1901.

A stone to Colonel William McCleary in the old Presbyterian graveyard, Morgantown, May, 1914.

Invocation

Maker of mountains, thus to Thy praise!
    Who dost inspire
    Each good desire.
All to Thy glory. Ancient of Days!

Help us who dwell within this State
    Ever for right
    Earnest to fight,
That by Thy might, she may be great.

Our foes without, within, around,
    Do Thou confound
    And peace profound
Shall be Thy care, this place surround.

So keep and guard our little land
    We pray to Thee
    Who made it free
Uphold, O Lord, by Thy strong hand!

—ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN,
Romney, W, Va.

Point Pleasant Battle Monument

UNVEILED OCTOBER 9, 1909.

Death of Colonel Charles Lewis

October 10, 1774

COLONEL CHARLES LEWIS was the American born son of John and Margaret L. Lewis, born in the wilderness of Augusta County, Virginia, in 1736, after his parents had fled to the New World, his father having killed the Irish Lord, who came with an armed force, to eject him from his castle. Charles was educated as a frontiersman, and at an early age, took part in the Indian wars and was with Boquet in his campaign against Fort Du Quesne. At the battle of Point Pleasant he took a conspicuous part, having been appointed by Lord Dunmore to assist in raising the army to march to the Indian towns on the Scioto who were committing such depredations on the settlers and causing such distress. He commanded the Southern Division under his brother Andrew, and at the battle led the right wing and Colonel William Fleming led the left. Colonel Lewis was mortally wounded at the first volley and was taken back to his tent where he died (according to the letters of Colonel Fleming) in a short time. He said to his soldiers when leaving the field, "Don't mind me, but fight on" and handed his gun to one of them. (This gun is still preserved and has his name inscribed on it on a silver plate.)

His remains (like the others) was never removed and his nephew (son of General Lewis), made a "Reservation" of the spot when he afterwards sold the land on which the town of Point Pleasant is now located. This square and reservation was purchased for the site of the Monument that was unveiled October 9, 1909, in honor of the battle and the men who took part in it. This monument is a shaft 82 feet high and has a figure of a pioneer soldier near the base. It is surrounded on the four sides by six bronze tablets describing the battle and also contains the names of all who were killed and wounded.

MRS. DELIA A. McCULLOCH, State Historian.

The Battle of Point Pleasant

(October 10th, 1774.)

Not a sound in that primeval forest was heard,
Save the flutter of leaves or the song of a bird,
'Till the men of the Border came marching in wrath
To drive the fierce Indian from the settlers' path.

In that Southern Division, so brilliant and bold,
Many names are forever by history scrolled,
Such as Campbell and Shelby, Moore, Fleming and Tate,
Buford, Stuart and Mathews, heroic and great.

Morrow, Wells and then Cameron, Steele and McKee,
Field, Cundiff and Wilson, Allen, Wood and Goldsbe.
This Division, unaided, from sunrise till night
Fought with Cornstalk's fierce redskins and put them to flight

A successful maneuver around Crooked Creek
By nightfall had silenced the last savage shriek.
But alas, from the victory all joy had fled,
For Colonel Charles Lewis was one of the dead.

"Yes, he fell at Point Pleasant, our dearest and best,
And in the great forest we laid him to rest,
Where the trees spread his martial bier, scarlet and gold,
While the sweet choirs of song birds his requiem hold."

—ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN,
Romney, W. Va.

A Short Story of Anne Bailey, the Scout of the Kanawha Valley

HIS noted woman of the very early days, made herself famous by her spirit to avenge her husband's death. He was killed in the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774.

She was born at Liverpool, England, in the reign of Queen Anne, and remembered of going with her parents to London when but five years old, and at the time of the execution of Lord Lovat. which occurred April 19, 1747, and from this event she reckoned her birth (1742) and age.

Her father was a soldier of Queen Anne and fought under the Duke of Marlborough and was in the battle of Blenheim, and no doubt named his little daughter for his beloved Sovereign.

At the death of her parents, being left alone in the great city, a feeling of loneliness came over her and she determined to cross the ocean and seek her relatives in the wilderness of Augusta. Sh left "Merry old England" in 1761, in her 19th year. Soon after her arrival in America she met the brave "Ranger" John Trotter and in 1765 they were married. A little baby boy was born to them, in 1767, whom they named William.

In 1774 an army was recruited to march against the Indians in their towns on the Scioto and if possible to subdue them; but Andrew Lewis' soldiers were surprised in their encampment, October 10th (Sunday morning) and a great battle raged from sunrise to sunset which resulted in the defeat of the Indians and their flight across the Ohio river. Among those whose forms lay cold in death, "where the two great waters meet," after the din of battle had ceased, was John Trotter who was far from his mountain home, his cabin, and his darling wife, and little baby boy. Who can picture a sadder scene than that battle field, the news to be carried back to loved ones, "never to return."

When the news of her husband's death reached her she determined to avenge his death and giving her baby into the care of relatives, she entered upon her strange and ventursome life, dressed in the pioneer soldier's costume.

No night was too stormy, or too dark, or the way too long, to

prevent her from warning the "forts," and settlements. The fleetest horse in the stockade was at her command for her perilous journey.

Her favorite horse was named "Liverpool," on which she made many wonderful escapes from the Indians. She knew no fear and would journey day and night to accomplish her errand, often sleeping in the hollow of an old tree with Liverpool close by. She kept warm by his breath.

She was a familiar figure on the streets of Charleston, Lewisburg and Point Pleasant, and her last trip up the Kanawha was in 1817. Her son William came to the Ohio, bought a farm and married the daughter of the old Revolutionary soldier, Major Leonard Cooper, who had made his home on the Kanawha after the revolution. William sold this farm on the Kanawha and purchased 360 acres in Gallia County, Ohio, near Gallipolis, and urged his mother to share his home with him, but she could not live away from her old familiar haunts and so she built herself a rude cabin out of rails, soldier fashion, and thatched it over, right on the bank of the Ohio river where she could see Virginia if she could no longer make her home there. Her son promised to build her a house near him where she could live to herself and here she died one cold winter night, November 22, 1828, with only her two little grandchildren with her, and they knew not, until morning, that their grandmother's spirit had fled. Thus ended a remarkable life, almost without parallel.

MRS. DELIA A. McCULLOCH,
State Historian, D. A. R. of W. Va.

Taken from Virgil A. Lewis' Story of
Anne Bailey (1891).

Anne Bailey's Ride—A Legend of the Kanawha

By CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Heights to Cross Lane Fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route,
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentinels stood,
Our scouts held posts in every wood
And every path was stained with blood
From Scary Creek to Gauley Flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes,
Whilst heavy clouds like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountains green
With dark foreboding's misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had perched their tents by the river side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered 'round the camp-fire bright
That threw its glare on the misty night.

And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold,
One spoke of suffering and of wrong,
Another sang a mountain song!
One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheeks the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon the misty night.

One a tale of horror told
That made your very blood run cold;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.
Then spoke a hardy mountaineer,
(His beard was long, his eye was clear,
And clear his voice of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own).

I've heard a legend old, he said,
Of one who used these paths to tread,
Long years ago when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring bravely done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story's most uncommon
An army saved by gentle woman.

The settlers, pale faced, all had fled
Or murdered were in lonely bed!
Whilst hut and cabin, blazing high,
With crimson decked the mid-night sky.
And day by day the siege went on,
Till three weary weeks were gone.
The word was whispered soft and slow,
The "magazine was getting low."
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—"the powder was all gone!"

They stood like men in calm dispair,
No friendly aid could reach them there;
One forlorn hope yet still remained
And distant aid might yet be gained,
If trusty messenger should go,
Through forest wild and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report
And succor bring from distant fort?

And who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsman quailed in mute despair,
But one who stood amid the rest,
The bravest, fairest, and the best
Of all that graced the cabin hall,
First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.

A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine and mettle high,
Was saddled well, and girded strong
With cord and loop, and leathern thong.
Her pathway up the valley led,
Like frightened deer the charger fled,
Still on and on through pathless wood,
And swim the Gauley's swollen flood.

Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's-nest dizzy height:
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare.
Far in the distance, dim and blue,
The friendly fort arose in view.
The succor then so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought,
Whilst Justice on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, inscribed her name.

(A Fragment from the History of Anne Bailey
by Hon. Virgil A. Lewis.)

Gauley Bridge, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1861.

The Story of Elizabeth Zane

DURING the month of September, 1777, Fort Henry, now the the site of the city of Wheeling, West Virginia, was suddenly surrounded and attacked by a large band of Indians under the leadership of the famous renegade, Simon Girty.

The fort was commanded by Colonel Silas Zane, while his brother Colonel Ebenezer Zane had charge of the block house about fifty yards from the fort.

In spite of the heroism of both men and women in the fort, the garrison was soon reduced to about a dozen men and after two days of steady fighting, the powder had given out. The only remaining keg was in the blockhouse. To obtain this the messenger must pass the whole distance (fifty yards) under the fire of the Indians. Colonel Zane called for volunteers. While the men were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth Zane, his young sister, came forward and said she would go for the powder. When her brother tried to persuade her that it was a man's business, she replied, "You have not a man to spare."

So the gate was thrown open and she ran swiftly to the blockhouse. The Indians calling aloud, "A squaw! A squaw!" too amazed to fire on her. She told her errand to her brother and he filled a cloth with powder and slung it over her shoulder.

By the time she was ready to return the Indians had realized her mission and opened fire on her at once but she regained the fort safely amid the cheers of the garrison. The fight was renewed with such energy that Girty raised the siege and departed with his Indians.

References: Border Warfare.
Book of Royal Blue.

Elizabeth Zane

The powder was sixty yards away;
Around her the foeman in ambush lay;
As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!"
She neither swerved to the left or the right,
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.
"Quick, open the door!" she cried again.
"For a hope forlorn, 'tis Elizabeth Zane."

No time had she to waver or wait,
Back she must go ere it be too late;
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste
And knotted it deftly about her waist,
Then filled it with powder—never I ween,
Had powder so lovely a magazine.
Then scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,
Like a startled fawn, fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;
Strong hands fastened the open gate;
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears
That had there been strangers for many years.
From flint-lock rifles again there sped
Gainst the sulking red-skins a storm of lead.
And the war-hoop sounded that day in vain,
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

By AIMEE ZANE in "Southern Messenger."

Colonel Zacquil Morgan

COLONEL ZACQUIL MORGAN, one of the founders of Morgantown, West Virginia, commanded the Virginia Minute Men during the Revolutionary War. He with about six hundred troops was with General Gates at the battle of Saratoga, in October, 1777, and in that battle lost nearly half of his men. He served all through the war with distinction and died several years after peace was declared.

Colonel John Evans

COLONEL JOHN EVANS was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Revolutionary War and was clerk of the first court held in Monongalia County. In 1784 General George Washington was the guest of Colonel Evans and slept over night in his house.

Our LaFayette and Auld Lang Syne

For Auld Lang Syne, and yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.
Oh! can we e'er forget Fayette,
And Auld Lang Syne?

A parting kiss his bride he gave,
In sorrow, as he said,
Faint Freedom cries across the wave,
And I must haste to aid.

He left his kith and kin caressed,
His Courts and Castles fair,
To seek the wild woods of the west,
And fight for strangers there.

Long, long he fought and as he fought,
Alas, he fell and bled,
But as he fell, an angel caught
And saved him from the dead.

She saved him from the shades of night,
As rolled the years of time,
That he might see what summits heights
Fair Freedom's sons would climb.

And they did climb a summit high,
As ne'er was climbed before,
Cheered by his youthful battle-cry,
With Washington of yore.

Now we, their sons in age becomes,
To honor, and revere
And say with love what mighty sums,
We owe to him so dear.

No! while bright Orbs of glory roll,
Our debt we'll ne'er forget,
Or while glad Bacchus brims the bowl,
Our toast will be Fayette.

For Auld Lang Syne, and yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.
Oh! can we e'er forget Fayette,
And Auld Lang Syne?

An old unpublished poem of 1826.
(Author unknown.)

DELIA A. McCULLOCH,
State Historian, D. A. R. of W. Va.

Herman Blannerhassett

THIS unfortunate man, a representative of a distinguished and wealthy family, was born in England during a temporary sojourn of his parents in that country.

While there he began his education, but later graduated at the University of Dublin, and then entered the profession of law in England. Not long after, he married Miss Adelina Agnew, the granddaughter of General Agnew who was with Wolfe at Quebec, and this marriage was interwoven with considerable romance. They sailed for America and landed at New York, where they were received with much hospitality. In 1797 they went to Philadelphia and in 1798 went to Marietta, on the Ohio river, where Mr. Blannerhassett had purchased the island two miles below Parkersburg, which still bears his name.

Herman Blannerhassett was a great scholar, refined in taste and manners. He brought with him a fine library including chemical and philosophical apparatus and instruments, one wing of the mansion being appropriated for them.

With his accomplished wife and lovely children, he was situated to enjoy all the happiness of life, and beneath his hospitable roof were many merry gatherings of their congenial friends of the neighboring towns of Belpre, Marietta and Parkersburg. Mrs. Blannerhassett's grace and charms were shown off on her milk white steed with her scarlet riding habit, as she rode along the wilderness roads, over the mountains; but to narrate the whole story would fill volumes. The desolation of this home tells the fate of ambition.

In 1805 Aaron Burr stopped off on this island, uninvited, and on his second visit to this happy home, enticed the unsuspecting Blannerhassett into his treasonable plans.

In December 1806, there was sent down the Ohio from the shipyards at Marietta, by Mr. Blannerhassett, a fleet of 20 boats and 30 men, their object being to settle on the Wichita and wait developments between Spain and the United States, conquer Mexico, and set up a government of their own. "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men ljang aft a-gley," and so with this.

Colonel Hugh Phelps, commander of the Wood County militia received orders to arrest Burr and Blannerhassett, and Colonel Phelps hurried to intercept the fleet but on his arrival there, the boats had passed. The mob spirit ran riot on the island and the beautiful home and grounds were laid waste, and despoiled of their rare and beautiful things (so history records).

Mrs. Blannerhassett left the island a few days later by night, with her children and servant, to join her unhappy husband at Louisville, never to return. She died in poverty in New York in 1842, having survived her husband by about ten years.

Burr was tried at Richmond, Virginia, and acquitted. Blannerhassett and his lawyer, James Wilson, though arrested, never were tried. The mansion built by Herman Blannerhassett was accidentally burned in 1812 and all that now remains to speak of its former beauty and elegance are the stone steps that lead down to the river, and its name, Blannerhassett.

(An abstract from Hon. Virgil A. Lewis' History of West Virginia by Delia A. McCulloch, State Historian, W. Va. D. A. R.)

West Virginia Up-to-Date

From where the handle of the pan hangs on Ohio's nail to where the railroad follows Old Nemocolin's trail; from Huntington to Marlinton, Bluefield to Wheeling town, we are growing, we are blowing on the trumpet of renown.

Leave your wasteful greater cities with their pressure and their hurt, for a mile or two of mountain with its grand fruit growing dirt.

Apple, peach and plum and pear, Mineral and Berkeley share, while all along the South Branch Valley anything will grow with care.

Then if you dread your fuel bill come burn our dollar coal or maybe all you'll have to do is dig a little hole.

From Parkersburg to Elkins, from Fairmont down to Clay, we are digging, shoveling, shipping many thousand tons a day.

We need no advertising; for fame we do not shout as here's a flow of "natural gas" the biggest booster out.

Round Clarksburg "so they say." burn a million feet a day with plenty more just going to waste not many miles away.

Nor are we just materialists who take no thought of mind for Morgantown has learning of the University kind.

For the artist there are views that would make a Sphinx enthuse. For writers we've romance up here to fill "best sellers" every year.

For the rich man there is room to roam; for the poor man here's a chance of home.

While just for you and me, on this point speak feelingly, West Virginia is the very state that suits us to a "T".

—ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN,
Romney, W. Va.

LEVI MORGAN

1736—1826.

MONUMENT of which reproduction is printed on opposite page, erected to the honor and memory of Levi Morgan, who with his Virginia Minute Men saved the command of General St. Clair from annihilation by the Indians on the Miami River on July 15, 1774. The monument stands in the Court House Square at New Martinsville, West Virginia, and was erected through the efforts of Hon. Aaron Morgan of Porter's Falls, West Virginia, at a cost of $10,000.00.

Following is a description of the monument and a quotation from the acts of the Legislature of West Virginia:

The monument is about 28 feet high, on a base 6 feet square. The instruments of border warfare are shown on metalic plates of some kind, full size, as follows: On the north side, about 8 feet from the ground, a flint-lock musket, hunting knife, shot pouch, bullet mould, ladle and small pile of bullets. On opposite side of shaft are tomahawk, scalping knife, bow and arrows and arrow sheath. On the east side about same height is the following inscription:

> "Pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of West Virginia, this monument is erected in appreciation of the services rendered and in memory of Levi Morgan, a soldier and scout of the early border warfare."

Morgan's statue is life size, dressed in buckskin pants and hunting coat, moccasins and coon-skin cap with tail hanging down back; left foot resting on stone; flint-lock gun in hands, resting on left knee. He is looking to the east, with an expression of expectation that an Indian might be lurking in the near vicinity. About midway on the east or front side of monument, is shown the State Seal.

LEVI MORGAN
1736 — 1826

The Ballad of Appleseed Johnny

There's many a man who has a plan for the good of his fellowmen,
Perhaps 'tis a college or hospital or a library, now and then,
But in days of old of our border told, the tale of a plan so bonnie
That yet today, it is good, all say, the way of Appleseed Johnny.

He came from "down East" he said at least but none knew just from where
And if Jonathan Chapman was his name nobody seemed to care.
But every year he would appear with his round face rosy and bonny,
A bag of appleseed under his arm, so they called him Appleseed Johnny.

These appleseed he brought indeed for the settlers out that way,
His only charge, "A bite to eat and a place his head to lay."
By him was sown the foundation stone of orchards fine and bonny
Which on our frontiers vast have grown since the days of Appleseed Johnny.

This character quaint, neither hero nor saint, was a benefactor meet,
For a lover of apples loves all things good with an appetite healthy and sweet,
This story is writ without wisdom or wit, just to set forth a plan that was bonny,
For sowing good seed is a glorious deed, all praise to Appleseed Johnny.

—ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN.

Ode to West Virginia on Her Fiftieth Birthday

Hail, little state of the wonderful mountains,
Whose treasures as fountains
Rise up from the deeps, giving warmth, giving light,
Let each wooded height
Proclaim to the Union thy God given right.

From the highlands of dawn golden Ceres shall pore,
Luscious fruits from her store.
The fat of the bullock, the vintage, the corn,
These by commerce are borne,
To the ravenous cities where hunger lives on.

—ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN,
Romney, W. Va.

A Mountain Chant

Don't you hear the wild goose say
H'its too cold in Canaday?
Winter comin' long your way,
H'its too cold in Canaday!

Don't you hear the wild goose say
H'its too warm in Floriday?
Summer comin' long your way,
H'its too warm in Floriday!

—ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN.

Where the Gay Kanawha Glides

Have you been to the head of the valley?
    Have you heeded its loving calls;
Where the spray of the water is laughing
    And the gay Kanawha falls?

Have you been to the foot of the valley?
    To the brink of Ohio's tides?
To the Point, where the valley is ended
    And the gay Kanawha glides.

There's a song in the breeze of the valley,
    And the music of birds besides,
And a green in the trees of the forest
    Where the gay Kanawha glides.

O, the beautiful, beautiful valley,
    Where the rolicking sunshine glows
And the mountains slope down to the water
    Where the gay Kanawha flows.

There are friends on the banks of the river—
    On the banks where the willow grows—
And the water-birch kisses the ripples
    Where the gay Kanawha flows.

And 'tis there in the heart of the valley
    That my heart and love abides—
In the beautiful, hill-bounded valley,
    Where the gay Kanawha glides.

And 'tis there in the heart of the valley
    I would lie when my life lease goes—
In the heart of this love-haunted valley
    Where the gay Kanawha flows.

—FREDERICK W. GOSHORN.

"On to Boston"

July, 1775.

COLONEL HUGH STEPHENSON of Berkeley County. West Virginia, became the commander of a Rifle Company in the Revolution,, raised in that county for Continental service. He was the half brother of the brave Colonel William Crawford, the friend of Washington, who was with Washington at the mouth of the Kanawha in 1770 making surveys of military land. Afterward he was cruelly tortured to death when a prisoner in the hands of the Wyandotte Indians on the Muskingum river, in 1782, having very reluctantly taken cmmand of an expedition against them. When the troops were returning home, after the treaty at Camp Charlotte with the Indians that had fought the battle of Point Pleasant, Dunmore's Division rested at Fort Gower and at that time General Adam Stephens addressed the soldiers in defense of the colonies, which had already shown a spirit of rebellion against the tyranny of Great Britain. This address, no doubt, started a flame that soon set Berkeley county (which then embraced a large part of West Virginia) ablaze with patriotism.

After Colonel Stephenson's Company was organized they started on foot for Boston, their battle cry being, "On to Boston." It was a hot day in July when they took up their long, weary march, at the sound of the fife and drum. When they reached the end of their journey and found the encampment of General Washington, the General came out of his tent to greet them, not knowing from whence they came. Colonel Hugh Stephenson, by way of an introduction said, "From the Potomac!" General Washington was overcome with emotion, and as he passed down the line clasping the hands of each soldier, tears streamed from his eyes; for many of them were his neighbors and friends. At the expiration of their year's term of service, General Washington recommended to Congress that Colonel Stephenson should raise a Rifle Company for 1776, which was accomplished but the Colonel died the same year.

His will was probated in the County Court of Berkeley County, November 20, 1776 and a Codicil to it was dated March 3, 1776, Roxbury Camp, New England.

"He has fought his last fight, he has won his last battle
No sound can awake him to Glory again."

DELIA A. McCULLOCH,
State Historian, D. A. R.

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West Virginia Created a State June 20, 1863

The Motto: "Montani Semper Liberi"

The State Flag Adopted in 1904

Emblem—The Rhododendron

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